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THE  
LONDON Apprentices  
Complaint of Victuals:  
OR,  
A SATYR against Hunger.

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By a PRENTICE that is troubled with a Stingy Mistress.

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**H**unger thou Curs'd and Miserable State,  
Thou Bane of Tyranny, thou woful Fate,  
A cursed Emblem of what's yet to come,  
Wear out my Limbs abroad, and Starve at home:  
Is this a due Reward or Merit just?  
Can't good Services purchase yet a Crust?  
A small Mite to satiate \* Colon's Will,  
A Crumb or two, to keep the † Brethren still,  
Or rather to prevent intestine Fairs,  
To secure the Fort from ensuing Wars,  
Least by a horrid and tremendous Fight,  
The whole Æconomy be put to Flight  
The Vitals; Vigour now no more sustain,  
Languishing and Faint with direful Pain,  
Through Carkings of the Worm which never cease,  
By Vellicating Nerves for to encrease.

\* The Great Gut.

† The rest of the Guts,

My wonted Pains, and more lamented Grief,  
 Since for my Stomach, there is no Relief,  
 I who once at a sumptuous Table fed,  
 And wanted to digest the fulness of my Bread,  
 Now famished with Hunger, and almost Dead,  
 A Case deplorable enough you'll own,  
 When Bones expos'd, and through the Flesh are shown,  
 Depriv'd of the Teguments of Nature,  
 Become a Skeleton of a Creature,  
 Who once was Fat, and in a thriving State,  
 Fed with Delicacies; the best of Meat:  
 But now alas, the Case is chang'd indeed,  
 On Stinking Trotters or Cow-Heels I feed,  
 Any thing to appease my Hungry need.  
 These are the Cursed Things which do attend  
 The Apprenticeship to its direful end,  
 When Pride, Ambition, do's the Heart possess,  
 Who from a Woman can expect much less?  
 The Woman did I say? is this the Cause?  
 Hold, stop my Muse a while, and let me pause;  
 Expound the Riddle: I know not how I can:  
 What! Woman wear the Breeches, not the Man?  
 A thing to me prodigious, I declare:  
 No wonder that we have no better Fare,  
 When B——n is subdu'd through rapid Fear,  
 Byass'd from Reason, as will soon appear;  
 For he poor Soul, to Please a haughty Wife,  
 Suffers the Torments of a wretched Life,  
 And hear the noise Roaring of her Tongue,  
 With Impertinencies and Clamour hung,  
 Commits despotick Power to her Will,  
 And raging says, That she shall govern still.  
 But she not wanting in the Misers Art,  
 Implies each moment, act in ev'ry part:  
 With us Provisions are so rare now grown,  
 Scarce can its Abode or Place be shown,



Scarce any sign or Print of Relicks past,  
 Scarce one small Bit to satisfy the taste,  
 But Lent through all the-Season; or a Fast.  
 As Rooms unfurnish'd, grow damp and wet,  
 The Wall in Downy Circles are beset;  
 So is a Cupboard which has nothing in't.  
 Nor shou'd you think that I'm the only One,  
 Who d gladly eat on Tripe, or pick a Bone,  
 There's yet another Miser to disclose;  
 Whose wretched Mind worse Penalties impose,  
 Worse than my Pen it self could e'er express,  
 It rather wou'd detract and make them less,  
 For fear of which divulging, I'll omit,  
 Leave it to those of more extensive Wit,  
 Who can describe the Miser in each part,  
 Search on the Basis of a narrow Heart,  
 Display the Colours of a double Face,  
 Show us his want of Soul, and more of Grace.  
 Perhaps some will ambitious be to find  
 A Man so Devil-like, and so unkind,  
 A—s by Name, Adamite by Nature  
 Adam's Loins ne'er bore such a Creature,  
 Indu'd with Malice, Avarice and Pride,  
 Ought that is Generous in him reside;  
 Such a vain, idle, stupid, foolish Sor,  
 He's daily baffled by a Petticoat,  
 Kept in Subjection, held in meer Suspence,  
 By what is void of Reason, and of Sense,  
 To the dull Off-spring of the Kitchen-stuff,  
 Pays an Obedience more than enough,  
 Keeps her for Services, now past and done,  
 Old and Ugly; yet chaste as any Nun:  
 What e'er she says to him, must serve as Law;  
 Thus she bullies, and keeps the Fop in awe.  
 Heavens snatch me from this Hunger-starving Brood,  
 Who won't afford a Dog one Meal that's Good.  
 Nothing to support: my enervate Hand  
 So weak is grown, scarce can my Pen command



*Each Muscles to perform its Function,  
Grows languid, weak and void of Action,  
For want of Food to restore pristine Strength,  
The Body's useleſs, wither'd Trunk at length.  
From Griping Pains which with'reth all my Guts,  
Which now are parch'd and dryed like Winter-Nuts:  
This may ſuffice to let you know,  
That I to Eating am no Foe.*

FINIS.

## Advertiſement.

**T**He Beſt and moſt Experienced Remedy for *Sore or Weak Eyes*, that ever yet was made known to the World, being of that wonderful Efficacy, that it infallibly diſpels any *Humour* or *Salt Rheum* diſtilling from the Head; and takes away all Soreneſs, or Redneſs, or Swelling: It alſo ſtrengthens *weak Eyes* (ſometimes occaſioned by the *Small-Pox*) and will diſperſe any *Flim* or *Contract* growing over the Eye, whereby the ſight oftentimes becomes dim: In a few times uſing this Excellent Remedy, to thoſe that will be perſwaded to uſe it often, it will Preſerve the Sight to an incredible Age, and read the ſmalleſt of Prints: It being a Secret acquired by a Gentleman in his long Study, whereby he hath wrought Wonderful *Cures* among his Relations and Acquaintance; and now made publick for the Benefit of all People that will make tryal of it.

For thoſe that are really *Poor*, they ſhall have it for Nothing; to Others for 6 d. the Bottle.

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